

The Yearning

by brensgrrl

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Summary: Daydreams and fantasies. . .Sequel is posted at adultfanfiction. Email me with age info and I will refer you. Thanks to all who have read and posted encouraging comments.

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by Brensgrrl marjade@looknlearn.com (7/16/99)

Category: PWP, Romance, Angst, POV Series: 1/2 (belongs with Night

Music) Pairing: Obi-Wan/Mystery Lady: No TPM Spoilers--just YOWza!

Rating: PG-13 Archiving: Sith\_Chicks, StarWarsChicks, Jedihunks,

www.fanfix.com, fanfiction.net all others yes, but please let me know where-- Feedback: Very welcome, but no flames please : >

Disclaimer: Obi-Wan belongs to George Lucas. The Mystery Lady is my doppelganger. SPECIAL THANKS goes to Fettsgal, whose wonderful story, "The Longing" inspired me to write this little bitty tale, which gives another point of view. (and a little Tip o'the hat to Terry McMillan!)

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I'm not in love. It's just some little thing I'm going through. I am so tired. The settling of this issue has drained my heart and mind. I am nervous, wary of all I lack and all I have missed. I just need a rest, that's all. This is crazy. There could never be anything between us. I could never be in love. But when I look across the scattered flimsies and datapads that litter the negotiation table, and see your face I realize the lie I'm telling. Ever since that moment just a few days ago when you walked into the room, so beguiling at the side of your levelheaded Master, my very soul caught in your eyes. Captured there, I am suspended in time, my mind scattering, my attention dissolved. You speak, and I drown in the liquid of your voice. And when you turn to attend your Master,

jealousy stabs me. I watch you. I know I am staring but I just can't help myself. I am drawn to your tenderness and innocence. I must think. . .I must break out of this infatuation. I must remember who I am. I am here to serve my people, not to stare across the room like a callow schoolgirl. I am nearly twice your age. You don't know me. And you are Jedi. I can offer you nothing. But your name is my mantra by day-my prayer at night. I am embarrassed and I look down at the flimsies piled in front of me. But my thoughts are far away. I want you so. I am drunk with daydreams. I want to take your hand and run with you, into the garden, into the forest, and lie with you beneath the ch'hala trees, and strip you of both your reserve and your Jedi robes. I look up again only to lock gazes with you across that room of confusion, and you are looking into my eyes as if you could walk right inside them, and the room is much too warm and I see the corners of your lips lift in a smile. Oh Gods and Worlds! My vision blurs. I am lost! I'm not in love. . .

She is looking at me again. Her eyes blaze with such want. I am surprised that my Master hasn't noticed. Or maybe he has. I've done nothing to encourage her, we've never even spoken directly. But I have returned her glances. I wonder if these negotiations are as boring to her as they are to me. Her shy gaze is much more interesting. And I sense the storm within her. I am curious. I've stolen her little thoughts, though I know it's wrong to do that. Her desire burns me, interrupting my concentration. She thinks that she is too old for me. She is wrong. I want to caress the gray pools at her temples. She imagines that I lack experience. I want to laugh out loud! She wants to \*ask\*, but fear restrains her. How she sighs! Then, I will ask. Tonight. After the session ends. I want to see the gardens. And I've never seen ch'hala trees before. I deliberately stare back. . .and she is looking at me again.

End  
file.